

HIGH LIGHTS



Sycamores - May - 1943

Alfred James Dewey

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SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



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HIGH LIGHTS

MAY 1943

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued monthly by Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Wistaria Vine Gardens, in Sierra Madre, California.

TWO SONNETS

Edward Lloyd Voorhees

(From a sonnet cycle to be entitled Oasis)

MOTHER

Duty -- whose call you cherished as your breath --
First to your God, then us, and neighbor's need,
Filled all your crowded hours, until your death,
And made the Golden Rule your only creed.
Beauty you had, and sensed its varied form
In man, in woman, and in the humblest weed,
Clouds in a wayside puddle after storm,
Or in the doing of a kindly deed.

Three things the arch that held your life together:
Strongest the third, the keystone deeply wedged,
Gentle to touch, but shored against wind and weather,
Through all your days it kept you somehow hedged,
Bracing and warming the two that followed after --
And this was Love, masking its tears with laughter.

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD

Seeker of noble spirits, you have found
The men and women of the mountain peak,
Great souls who were not satisfied to seek
Ought but the best, beyond the fury and the sound
Which small souls often mistake for the profound.
Beauty's the talisman whose claims bespeak
Your instant homage -- but Beauty never meek --
And when was added Genius, you were bound:
Bound in rapport, to foster and to tend
The sacred tree that mounted high and bright,
From root to stalk, from flower to golden seed.

Unshaken still your will to live, and end --
If end there be -- upon some glowing height
Where souls amid the blue unknown have need.

AS A CHILD

Now, in the round of the running year, we come once more to the day that is set apart among men to the honor and to the memory of motherhood. For this day that is Mother's Day, we have fixed by chance upon the second Sunday of the month; but for the month we have chosen, not one month nor another at haphazard, but the month of May. Why May, Long ago the month of May was named for Maia, the goddess of the fertile fields, who typified to the pagan world the fruitful mother of men; and long since, May is the month that was dedicated unto Mary, the Mother of Man.

In a sense it is fitting that we should observe this day each year as a mark of respect to our mother, to her honor if here among us, to her memory if no longer here; but, in another sense, we need no day apart since every day is, or ought to be, a day of remembrance of her who risked her health and went down into the shadow of death that we might live, who gave her days and her many nights to the care of our helpless childhood, and whose unselfish love follows us like a benediction all the days of our life. Unfortunately, we are prone to forget and to take for granted the blessings that the gods may give to us once but never twice. Because of our forgetfulness, then, our remembrance has its day apart.

While the years go by, and while all goes well with us, we are too often as those forgetting their heritage; but, though we live to our three score years and ten, or upwards of a century, and the day of trouble comes, we are again as a child remembering that there is only one voice that reassures us more than another's, there is only one hand that will soonest smooth away our fretting cares. Fortunate is he who, in that time of darkness, hears that voice and feels that hand upon his head: but when the twilight falls, if then that voice be stilled and that hand be lifted, there is left a void that nothing fills, and a source of power is gone from us, no longer to sustain or comfort us that the night may pass in swifter measure and morning rule where now we stand.

L. B. W.

HORACE

the guild mouse

4 2 weeks i hav been helping the womans club run the westerea fate. if several of them had not aspreamed when they saw me my nerves wood have been better. i now no more about women and fates. my duty principaly has been to clean up the crums the people leave behind. unfortunately one crum, speaking now in the langwidge of the sofistocates who double talk, left part of a bottle of liquor behind a shrub, and mrs mouses cousin got sever al good likes. it didnt do me any good either.

people who go to fates dont seem to no what they are going to see at fates. they dont like westerea vines or they dont lik alfs picters because they look lik tr ees or dont look lik trees. life is just 2 complected. no- ing artisticks aint enough to prepare u for fates.

we been entertaining a lot of the army who are around looking 4 some fun. i hav had fun myself listen - ing to what they say about army life. frum what i hear - army life is either one of the folloing - 2 witzs, u walk all day & get tired or u wash dishes all day and ur hands get red and u havnt got any nice cream to use on them be- cause u havnt got a wife closer then 500 miles and the ar- my doesnt supply that anyway, and besides u hurt in sev- eral other places 2, or me u dont do anything all day and are tired 2 death without doing anything, or maybe u are a sergint. anyway everything is all wrong but they lik it, tho they want to be in the navy if they are in the army so not to walk, and in the army if they are in the navy because there pants are so tite. i would chuse the army if i didnt hav so many dependents which is mrs mouses soul fault, because my distant ccusins in the navy say they are kept 2 busy leaving sinking ships.

sunday i got to do something about this cat which livs up here and has seven toes all around and a super- iority complex. i hav always wondered about cats, any- way. they just dont seem to do anything. who wood cat be put here. why would a cat be put anywhere. all people and animuls lik mice have a function, but cats just sleep and demand to be fed -- and chace mice. of if they are hi hat cats they just look at u with a look in the eye which says 2 u u are future business. i dont lik it, it is catish.

I'D LIKE TO KNOW?

No article in High Lights has caused more favorable comment and excited more interest than Edith Blumer Bowen's "The Good Old Days," which appeared in the March and April Numbers. Many questions have come to the editors of High Lights in regard to this article, not only from people now living in Sierra Madre but also from former residents. Here are some of them. Can YOU answer any,

1. Where is the Paisley shawl worn by Mrs. Sam Twycross when she sat up front in her husband's bus,

2. What has become of the script of "Dead Dog Diggings," the original melodrama by Mace Thompson, premiered in the Old City Hall,

3. Where is the sweeping, military-looking cloak worn by the nationally known and distinguished Dr. Jarvis Barlow,

4. Who has the lovely crinoline dressed of Mrs. Stork, the mother of Dr. Victor Stork,

5. Where is the mysteriously hung and mysteriously disappeared oil painting "The Crepe Hanger," with it's malevolent, following eye,

6. Who owns any of the pot-boilers painted and sold for five dollars or less by the artist, Elizabeth Borglum, to help support her artist husband, Gutson Borglum,

7. Does the owner of the oil sketch of one of Twycross' bus horses, painted by Gutson Borglum, still own it,

8. Who has a copy of Chloe Blakeman Jones' "Lovers Shakespeare," a book compiled by a woman disillusioned in love,

9. Where are the British official-looking envelopes of regularly received mail posted to ("Prince") John de Guelph, self-named son of a former monarch of England,

10. Who has the antique chairs, family heirlooms of Mrs. Ross, former tenant of Fletcher House,

11. Where are Douglas and Frank Gresham, whose parents once owned the Lewis property,

12. Did Norman Olsen, son of Martin Olsen, the first shoe man in Sierra Madre, ever marry?

13. Is Gregory Chase the only descendant of the Gregory family that at one time managed the Hasting Ranch?

14. Which one of the Thornburg boys became tops in the Standard Oil Engineering Department?

15. Where is Charles Ferry, son of Mrs. Ferry, whose boarding-house and food were known all through Southern California?

16. Is the kindly, gentle and much-loved, ninety-year-plus old Mrs. Pierce, the sole survivor of the social club, the Ancient Priscillas?

17. How many of the Modern Priscillas are living in Sierra Madre today?

* * *

Under the auspices of the Sierra Madre Women's Club, and in spite of gas rationing, some 8,000 people visited the Vine during the past three weeks.

Possibly the most appreciative group was that of "The Twentieth Century Club of Eagle Rock!" This group is interested in movements to preserve the natural beauty of the Southland.

WISTARICAL ART NOTES

overheard in the studio

(Attention Arthur Millier, Los Angeles Times)

"It's a wonderful picture. It aint natural but it's interesting."

"You know, after looking at these pictures, I think of my cousin who painted a rose so plain that she got the prize at our County Fair."

"I want to congratulate you, Mr. Dewey. I was a publisher and I know when a man has talent. Keep going boy, and you'll be among the top-notchers."

"Say, these are some pictures, but you should see the picture I've got out there, tied on top of my car. Hope it don't rain on it. That picture of mine is of three bears up against a rock - - and if I do say it myself you can see every single hair on the bears. I put 'em on myself with a toothpick."

"That 'March in Sierra Madre' is all right, but he should have showed the rain drops on the grass."

"Pictures, who cares to look at pictures! But say, Maw, this would be a swell place to write your post-cards for back home."

"Just pictures in here and nothing to eat! Well aint this place gone to pot."

"Look at that bunch of singers," said the man. "Oh, that one at the left is Lloyd George."

"No, tain't," objected the woman. "Lloyd George was a statesman and dignified, and you know statesmen can't sing."

"Those net makers loom natural but I'd like to know why you didn't show the knots where the net is tied together."

"Wouldn't it be a joke on him if people bought all them pictures to once. Gee, wouldn't this place look bare!"

A telephone has been installed at the Wistaria Vine Gardens for the Guild - - Custer 5-6856.

ABOUT THE WISTARIA VINE

Half a century ago the Wistaria Vine was planted by Mrs. Brugman. The vine, however, is not, as has been said, of Japanese origin, but the Chinese Variety, which is hardier, more fragrant and has a longer lifespan than its cousin from the land of the (we hope and believe) rapidly setting sun. Certainly our Chinese vine is the largest in California, and even the further claim that it is the largest in the world has never been contested.

Its earliest history is somewhat dim, but, thanks to Mrs. Estelle H. Fennell, we have an accurate record from 1913, the date when the property was acquired by the Fennells. Mrs. Fennell writes:

"The vine in 1913 had quite a large root with only a few runners on each side of the house. Our house was the typical middle west style, with a steep gable, front and side porch. Back of the house was a great pepper tree and further back were some eucalypti. On those trees Mr. Fennell trained the fast growing vine.

"Mr. Fennell soon found that the growing shoots had to be tied up or twined around other portions of the vine, some branch of a tree, or over the roof, otherwise, they would die. He found that a shoot pointing down would retard the growth of any wistaria.

"Under the Fennells the growth of the vine was phenomenal and the blossoms so beautiful that the grounds were thrown open to the public. Many local organizations have put on fetes that have brought people from all lands to Sierra Madre.

"Many years before Mrs. Ida Lawless bought the property in 1936, as many as 35,000 passed through the gates during one season.

"Mrs. Lawless, with a vision of a connoisseur of beauty, had the old house removed. It was a delicate job. The vine was jacked up, the house torn down, a pergola built and the vine let down again, and there it sits today.

"Mr. Fennell passed away in 1925. At the lower end of the Wistaria Gardens there is a brass plate which reads:

THE WISTARIA VINE
A Living Monument
to the
Patience and Loving Care
of
HENRY T. FENNELL

Thus the Wistaria Vine remains an everlasting memorial to Mr. Fennell's love of beauty and to his good citizenship in sharing his treasure with his fellow men.

After Mrs. Lawless passed away, mourned not only by all of Sierra Madre but by thousands throughout the world, the Wistaria Gardens were leased in 1943 to the Arts Guild by Bruce McGill, Mrs. Lawless' heir.

It is singularly appropriate that the Wistaria Vine should pass from beauty lovers to beauty lovers down through the years. The Guild is deeply conscious of its good fortune in securing such appropriate surroundings for its activities.

Since the Arts Guild took over, some eight thousand people have been in to see our exhibition. We are glad to report that both pictures and ceramics were sold and 19 new members, all from out of town, joined the Guild.

* * *

The Wistaria grounds need a lot of work. It would be to our advantage to keep them in reasonably good shape. Another blossoming season will give the Guild the opportunity of making enough money to enlarge our program, both in entertainment and in caring for the ever increasing cost of publishing High Lights.

Many ideas have been suggested. In substance, they amount to contributions of money or work or both. If the grounds have a good going over it should not take much more than a few hours a week to them in presentable condition.

In order to give everybody a treat and a close-up of the condition of the grounds, lets have the June meeting on the Saturday afternoon following the first Friday. A garden party and picnic supper followed by dancing in the evening. Of course, everybody would have to bring his own food.

Book Review of ONE WORLD by Wendell L. Willkie
Simon and Schuster, New York

Elmer B. Mason

Here is a book so rich in material, so world-covering that it should be read by every American. From a reportorial point of view it is perfect. Mr. Willkie tells what he saw in forty-nine days, including 160 flying hours, in his 31,000 mile journey encircling the globe, and he tells it vividly. He talked to all classes everywhere, rulers, peasants, industrialists, and, above all, soldiers from generals down to privates. From what he has thus garnered he draws his conclusions.

He was enormously impressed in Africa by General Montgomery's knowledge of every detail, his passionate addiction to the task before him. In the Middle East, Willkie delved into the Jewish and Arab relationship and the British Colonial system, and goes into painstaking details in regard to the bad health factor and the even worse sanitary systems. Turkey gets a friendly report, and then the next one-fourth of the book deals with Russia.

Of Stalin he says: "He has, I would say, a hard tenacious driving mind. He asked searching questions, each of them loaded like a revolver, each of them designed to cut through to what he believed to be the heart of the matter that interested him. He pushed aside pleasantries and compliments and is impatient of generalities." Above all, in Russia, Willkie was impressed by the complete nationalism of all classes, their stern purpose to win, and win completely.

The three chapters on China are well written, informative, even charming. His analysis of the Chinese economy, with the entire sea coast occupied by Japan, is most revealing. His interview with General Chiang Kai-shek, with Madame Kai-shek as interpreter, are among the most interesting parts of the book.

The remaining quarter of ONE WORLD is a reiteration of the principles for which Mr. Willkie has been fighting for in international affairs, and it is here, if anywhere, that a weakness in the book appears. Passing over a tendency to dogmatic and unnecessarily belligerent, and some forgivable exaggerations, we cannot but feel that concrete suggestions of the manner in which na-

tions of the world will gain their complete freedom and work together are decidedly limited. The wrongs of the British colonial administration are overemphasized without analysis, and the evils of communism come in for practically no mention. Oddly enough, in this connection, he feels called upon to deprecate Russia's earlier relations with Germany, ignoring the Russian necessity for such relations in order to gain time for complete armament.

Mr. Willkie believes in President Wilson's fourteen points --- somewhat to this reviewer's surprise. But he warns, even insists, that any similar doctrine after the war may easily suffer the same fate as these principles. In this I feel that he is quite wrong. That we lost the peace after winning the last war, is quite true. It is equally true that neither nations nor individuals, once burned, will again thrust even a metaphorical hand into the flame. We, at least in this country, intend to win the peace as completely as we win the war. Of that there can be no question.

ONE WORLD is a "must" for every American. To a few it will be only a refresher course covering what they already know. To the majority of readers it will clarify a world picture that has perhaps been clouded, bring East and West, North and South into one focus.

On the second day after the publication of this book an additional printing of 65,000 copies became necessary, and the same day this printing was increased by another 10,000. Two days later 100,000 more copies were put on the market, making a total of 245,000.

ONE WORLD is easy reading. Apparently a short book, it runs to only 206 pages. But in accordance with government suggestions for conservation of paper, the type is smaller than is customary, and the margins narrower.

This book is an honest, thoughtful piece of work by a man whose opinions are worthy of consideration and careful examination.

GUILD MEETINGS

The first meeting of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild was held in our new quarters at the Sierra Madre Wistaria Vine, turned over to the Guild by the management since the loss of the Adobe Studio. It had been planned to hold this first meeting on March 5, but a gentleman by the high-hat name of Jupiter Pluvius made this impossible as he made all but impossible any activities in our town till the floods subsided. Hence the date was advanced to April 9.

Mrs. Henrietta Horton Kapp was guest speaker of the evening. Her subject was the "Interpretation of Symbolic Art" on which subject she is an outstanding authority. The ancient art of the Egyptians, Greeks, Hindus and Chinese was described in detail as to the meaning of each line and curve.

Lee Shippey, one of the representatives of the press who interviewed Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, since her arrival in Los Angeles, was an impromptu speaker. He painted a vivid word-portrait of her grace, beauty and charm, but stressed, even above these, her profound wisdom.

Alfred James Dewey, president of the Guild, presided.

* * *

The Sierra Madre Arts Guild is fortunate in having two outstanding features for the next meeting on Friday, May 7th, at 8:30 p.m., at the Wistaria Vine.

Mrs. Vera Whaley, Mezzo Soprano, now of Sierra Madre, will sing three numbers for us. Mrs. Whaley traveled with the famous Red Cliff Chautagua of Washington, D. C. and was with the Lyceum Bureau of Aurora, Missouri. She also sang three seasons in light opera.

Following Mrs. Whaley, The Historical Society of Sierra Madre will present a program of personal reminiscences and odd glimpses into the doings of the first settlers of Sierra Madre.

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The president of the Society, Mr. Wm. Lauren Rhodes, of 529 W. Highland, will talk on the historical Sierra Madre Villa, built by his father. The Villa was both the cultural center and the beauty spot of the early Southern California days.

Dr. Arthur O. Fritchard will give excerpts from his famous story "Streets of Sierra Madre."

Mrs. Edith Blumer Bowen, whose early impressions of Sierra Madre pioneers in HIGH LIGHTS caused such widespread interest, will present the human side of "Mr. Twycross."

In addition, the most interesting phases of the life of Prof. J. J. Hart, musician and distiller of fine wines, will be a feature of the program. It is interesting to note that the former Hart winery is now the City Park House.

The Guild is proud to be able to offer such an outstanding program --- surely one that no member will care to miss.

The Guild is cooperating with the Red Cross in entertaining groups of Service Men. The first group had a swell time here Monday evening May 3. It is planned to have groups twice a month.

* * *

HORACE'S COMMENTS

i was lookin over the high lights for this month an i sees many tipeografical errors. i wuz just fussin around to see if everything was o.k. an goin all right since leslie and catherine went away to see bernard who is learnin how to fight our enemy. pore bernard - he wouldnt hurt a flee. he even use to bring me cheese down at the old place. trouble was he put it at top of slippery bottle to see me jump to get it. i made it o.k. that tickled bernard and he paid me a compliment, he sez, horace is a clever mouse.

elmer , an bill, an madeline, an sallie, an alf
done the best they could, but it goes to show just like
when im out nothin is right with the family. you got to
have a master mind that knows the tricks of keeping
things o.k. leslie is goin to be mad when he gets back
for the high lights aint the same as when he done it. if
he dont stamp on the floor an scare me worst than the cat
does since she had her brood out under the rose bushes it
wont be too bad.

horace



i done
this
just to do my bit - h -

AUG 27

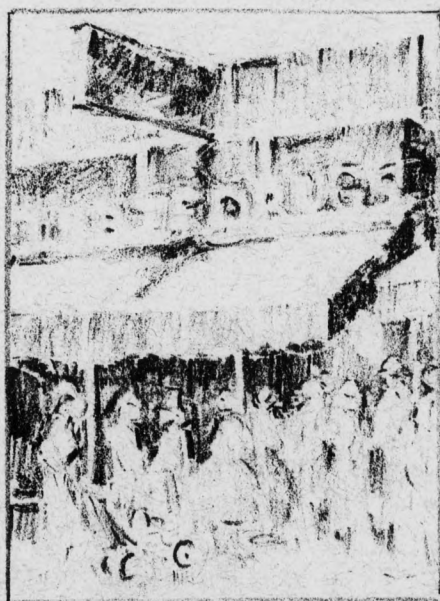
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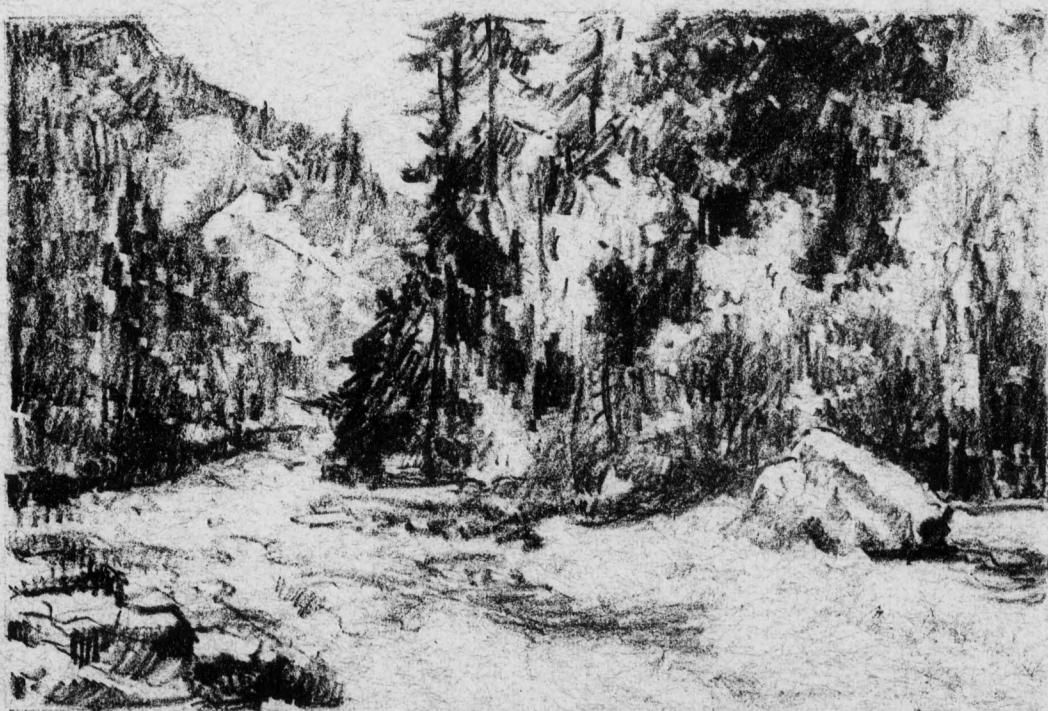
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